

## Fashion's Laws for Spring.

Bewitching Novelties Already in the Windows of Paris.

Muslins of Pretty Print and Lawns in Designs of the Pompadour Period.

These Descriptions of Summer Silks and Dainty Stuffs Would Fill a Book.

NEW IDEAS IN WINTER COSTUMES.

Dazzling Creations of Recent Date to Be Worn Until the Season for Straw Hats Sets In—Gossip from the Gay French Capital.

Paris, Jan. 18.—The days are beginning to grow longer and everybody is happier. Short days in Paris breed suicide and everybody is a bit down in the mouth, but directly the sun gives out longer rays the smile and smile, and all the world is more.

Course styles stir up, too, and novelties are conjured up in brains that dream of modes always. Straw hats are being shown by some modistes, who try to rush the season, while prints and muslins are draped in tantalizing array in the great shop windows, while yet the wind howls along the pavements and women cudgelo into their furs while they gaze.

All the new spring novelties are enchantingly lovely. Such wonderful printed muslins and delicate lawns in old-fashioned designs of the Pompadour period. There are marvelous laces and insertions, too, for trimming them, while ribbons go on growing more and more beautiful. Chinese effects in everything are shown and the mixture of harmonious colors into one design is even more popular than for the present season. Cashmere effects in palm leaves are very much in vogue, and there is a crude display of color in things like the Spring.

Descriptions of the new Summer silks would fill a book, and I can only say that the most elegant, daintiest things that one can possibly stretch her imagination to picture. The printed ones are the most beautiful and are in many cases exact copies of rare old stuffs in museum's when fabric painting and weaving was at its greatest than it is today. Flower designs are the most important part and are scattered in clusters and wreaths and garlands all over the groundwork. Some striped pompadour silks are exceedingly effective and are made up into mousseline de sole or lace for the bodice.

It is useless to speak of the new hats as yet, for they are the best merely experimental, and many of the designs will never go farther than the show window.

Of course everybody is out of doors these pleasant January days, and the fashionable shopping district is crowded, for even if one does not care to purchase, it is a delight to gaze at the new modes for Spring in all their crisp freshness. It will be many a long week, however, before one gets down to thinking seriously of muslins and straw hats, and in the meantime there are some lovely winter modes that I must attend to.

In the first place, a beautiful triple cape of black Lyons velvet came within my notice recently. It was a rich, patrician looking affair. The peleries that formed the garment were full and generous, falling off the shoulders in great folds, and the top one sticking out jauntily from the neck, which was finished by a large ruche of black lace, placed as closely as possible with two long stole ends of black satin ribbon hanging down in front. Each pelerie was interspersed with three chamails and lined with white satin. The hat was of heliotrope felt, trimmed with a plaited ruche of olive green gauze and a mass of black ostrich plumes, while under the brim at the back were clusters of green velvet foliage.

Two rather unique costumes are sketched here. One is of ribbed silk, in green and blue, and the other of plain, creamy ecru cloth, trimmed with narrow bands of black astrakhan. The green and blue gown is made with a blouse, basque bodice and a godet skirt. The latter is very broad and sweeping and is lined with green silk. The bodice is very full and pouchy in front, and is nipped in at the waist by a broad belt of navy blue kid, with a large buckle at the back. Below this belt was a full plaited basque that set out smartly all round the figure. The sleeves were in gigot style and stiff with fibre chamails. An immense ruche of black mousseline de sole finished the throat, while the gloves were of white kid. The hat was a fetching toque formed of crushed velvet roses in faded shades of dull pink, set off by large bows of black satin ribbon.

The other gown was made in belted princess style. It was of fine French broadcloth, and the black of the astrakhan set it off beautifully. The skirt of the princess gown was very full and set about the bottom, several inches from the edge, with a strip of astrakhan. Over the shoulders extended oval epaulettes edged with fur, and large square cuffs and an immense collar were finished in the same way. The gown was fastened at one side in double-breasted fashion, with buttons of carved pearl, while the belt was of white kid. The hat was of black velvet, trimmed with enormous green-colored satin bows and a lot of black plumes.

A combination cloth gown in plain black, the golden brown, and black and brown striped, was a novelty shown me last week, and a very chic conception, too. This skirt was of the plain golden brown of a light shade, almost a leather color, and the bodice, in the form of a coat, was of the striped and plain black cloth. The skirt was quite plain and lined with black silk. The bodice had the body and basque and epaulettes of black cloth, while the gigot sleeves and narrow vest were of the striped stuff. The coat fitted the figure, and across the rest extended little black ribbon straps in small bows at the middle, and a black ostrich boa was worn with the gown, and tan shoes and gloves. The hat was of ecru felt, trimmed with brown satin ribbons and brown plumes.

## Red Lips the Rage in Paris.

Fashion's Latest Law for the Stylish Woman of the French Capital.

Feminine Faces Must Be Colorless, Says Another Recent Decree.

DAINTY CREATIONS OF CHIFFON.

An Idea of What Is to Be Worn in the Spring Gathered from a Visit to the First Fashionable "Opening."

Paris, Jan. 18.—What matters it to madame, if the weather continues cold and raw and nipping? It's only her little reticent nose that is coated, coated in powder, white as ermine—and the little glimpse we can get of madame's face shows that it is as white as any Pierrot's.

Fashion decrees this year that madame's face shall be colorless, but her lips must be red, red, red in full Cupid's bows, if she wants to paint them that way, but she must get enough paint on, and paint of the crimsonest hue.

Then, with hair frizzed and draped even to her eyebrows, and one of the high "tours de cou," madame need not fear to drive against the sharpest wind—her face is literally protected from the frosty air.

The other day I had cards to a display of the newest creations of a fashionable couturiere. And because I had heard that at the tour de cou there were always the newest and daintiest to be seen in all Paris, I made an especial point of going. But I purposely planned my visit there very late in the afternoon, when the rush should have ceased, and I would have madame for a comfortable little tete-a-tete after her busy day. I climbed stairs and stairs of hard, polished wood in the great building and arrived at madame's door just as she was bidding "bon jour" to a group of her very early clientele.

When I told madame how much I wanted to see all of her lovely creations and write of them to America, she was more than hospitable. She called in her chic little maid from an adjoining room to begin trying on again all of her newest creations. I noted most of all the charming combinations of chiffon and ribbon and lace. Some were to be worn over coats in lieu of fur collars, some were to be worn with low-cut evening bodices, and some of these dainty chiffon creations were to be worn with a walking dress to lend an air of festivity when the occasion demanded and the time for making a toilet was limited. The first model looked like a real "Aubrey Beardsley drawing" when she slipped over a velvet coat a high black ribbon collar, instead of the big bow, was a heavy quality of satin that stood out heavily in six long loops six inches long. The ends fell over the front of the coat to the waist line, and were finished with a jet ball fastened to the shirred ends of the ribbon. The highest, fullest chiffon ruffs commenced at the middle of the bow and extended half way down the ends of the ribbon. It was such a comfortable, sensible thing and so wonderfully becoming and softening to the face. Another very dressy one was made of opalescent taffeta ribbon, with a wonderful quantity of very low lace falling over it. This is much worn by ladies who fancy a full front becoming to them.

For a square neck bodice of black tulle I saw such a chic thing to be worn on a long, thin throat, as madame explained. At the back, instead of the big bow, was a big jet butterfly with gold-spangled wings. The tulle was very full and embroidered with a fine gold thread.

It stood out and up in a stiff Pierrot fashion. When women get to the "chaperon" age, the collar bones will assert themselves, and throats get stringy, and massaging won't do all it is claimed to do, then these softening outside influences must be brought to bear on the hard lines. With the exquisite little Pierrot ruffs that are worn with so many of the square neck evening bodices no woman need rumble at a meagre throat.

The Countess of Craven and her mother, Mrs. Bradley-Martin, both wear such full neck ruffs. Both are in the mode and are in figure much different, but they are full of chic French things. They frequently shop in Paris, as Newporters run down to New York.

The Marie Antoinette fichus are fashioned out of all kinds of gauzy material that the market is offering. For short women the fichus only reach to the waist line, but for taller women who are slender enough to stand the style the fichus come to the hem of the dress. Mme. Emma Eames-Story, who is wearing mourning this winter for her husband's father, receives her intimate friends in a soft white gown of camel's hair, with a great Marie Antoinette fichu of white chiffon that falls to the hem of her skirt.

A sleeveless jacket of black chiffon, with a long, square yoke of jetted lace and fur, full ruffles of black chiffon at the armholes, can be worn over a passe silk waist, and will be sure to lend an air of wonderful festivity. The failed chiffon is gathered in baby waist fashion at the waist line with a grille of black satin, and a high black satin stock collar finishes this dainty little affair at the throat.

The skirt fitted at the hips, but flared, so as to make a ten-yard round skirt at the bottom. For "everyday" occasions there was a richly braided vest of the same material. At the musclete Mrs. — lightened up her rather sombre gown with a most exquisite chiffon front. It was opalescent chiffon, plaited in very fine accordion plaits and confined at the waist with a narrow belt of paillette iridescent and a high, straight collar of the same. Falling over this collar was a ruff of exquisite old lace, and two lace jabots fell at the edge of the jacket to the waist line. The stout French women appreciate the becomingness of the loose, full bodice, that can be worn, too, with such advantage to their taller, thinner sisters.

The Marie Louise reticules adorn the windows now of all the smart shops. They are made of dainty light silk for evening wear, and for the matter of garniture, every kind of duff, airy lace is used, and madam looks infinitely fairer before her maid in her fetching undergarments than she does when she is arrayed for the smartest of smart functions.

Thin, delicate silk, linen lawn, batiste and silk mullie are used for lingerie nowadays; in fact, everything that is soft and sheer, thick cotton or linen stuffs—having long ago gone out of date.

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## Dainty Parisian Lingerie.

Each Season Seems to Give the Creations Added Beauty.

Everything That Is Soft and Sheer Finds Favor as Material.

PEEP AT A BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU.

Bewitching Garments with Which Fortunate Mlle. Ullman Will Begin Married Life—Styles That Are Popular.

Paris, Dec. 24.—Was ever anything half so dainty as Paris lingerie? It is sweet and graceful, and soft and duffy, and everything beautiful; and every season it grows lovelier. Not only are the most exquisite stuffs used in its making, but the cut of the garments is perfectly bewitching.

The favorite fabrics are sheer linen lawn and silk mullie, for there is a certain crisp softness to them most becoming to feminine outlines.

Then, my lady's stockings—aren't they dear! Silk or lace or finest weave, but always openwork or embroidered. Plain stockings one sees no more. Silk hose, with real thread lace set in over the instep, are the latest caper, and the lace is so thin and transparent that the white flesh below shows through distinctly in a bewildering, lovely fashion. Delicate stockings, with openwork in stripes clear to the top, are also a novelty, and look very chic when pulled up tight and fastened with decorated garters.

Black cashmere lace of the finest, softest weave are embroidered daintily in colored silk over the instep. All stockings are worn very long, because drawers are worn so very short, not reaching the knee by several inches. They are gathered by side and round garters, the former being fastened to the strap in front or at the side, and tied with little ribbon bows on the stockings.

I paid a visit several days ago to the Montagne Russe, in the Rue Saint Honore, the most celebrated lingerie establishment in all Paris, and such ravishing confections as I saw, such dreams of things, which seemed fit for a fairy princess!

There was one trousseau that was truly the most beautiful thing in its way, that I ever saw. It was for Mlle. Ullman, who is soon to marry M. Froment Moreau. There were six of everything in each material, and there was one set made of silk mullie, another of sheer linen lawn, and a third of dotted muslin.

The robes des nuits were the daintiest things imaginable. The silk mullie ones were made the most elaborately, being very full and trimmed with Valenciennes and insertion. The great, full folds hung straight down from a square yoke, which was composed of tucks and Valenciennes insertion. Around this square yoke was gathered a deep frill of the mullie, edged with lace, which struck out saucily and made the garment very dressy. The sleeves reached to the elbow and were very large and bouffant, with a finishing frill like the yoke. Two of these were pale rose, two blue, and two white.

The sheer linen lawn or batiste robes were made up much more simply, with full bodys and sleeves and trimmed with frills upon frills of the same, hemstitched delicately at the edge. The dotted muslin robes were trimmed with point de Paris lace, which is the very latest lace for lingerie and made into most delicate designs. There were great many duffy little ruffles and pouffs about these, and I really fancied them most of all, for the tiny dots made them look so airy and sweet.

The latest drawers, as shown in this trousseau, are short and very wide and cut up on the side. All the sets were elaborately trimmed with ruffles, and tied up at the side with dainty little bows of ribbon. They were made to match the night robes in the matter of trimming, of course. They were all set on pointed yokes and fastened on the side.

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## The Lost Child Secret Told.

True Reason of the Sorrowful Plight of Delancey Street Police.

Gossiping Mothers Force the Blue Coats to Become Involuntary Nurses.

FORTY LOST CHILDREN A DAY.

Only Unidentified Until the Mothers Think They Should Return Home—Officers Protest, but Without Avail.

The ingenuity of East Side mothers, whose dwelling resources are not equal to their large families, has become a source of much trouble to the police of the Delancey Street Station. What, with reform, retrogression and regulations, an unusual lot of crooks and the usual complement of the criminal class, the officers of the Twelfth Precinct have been sorely troubled. Now that their shoulders are laden with fresh burdens, they feel that something should be done to relieve them of the responsibility of acting, day by day, as foster father to unknown brats.

Down along Rivington, Stanton, Norfolk and adjoining streets families are numerous. It is when children are so numerous that their names are almost forgotten that the East Side mother's trouble begins.

Gossip is just as much a feminine frailty on Rivington street as it is on Fifth avenue. To have a comfortable visit, however, it is essential that the materfamilias be not bothered with the shouts and shrieks and screams of lusty offspring. The problem as to how to spend the hours of ease in daytime goes without the screams of infants is one that until lately has been unsolved. An ingenious plan has now been adopted, which seems to answer.

The mothers in the Twelfth Precinct, before calling on their various friends, are wont to pick out from their crowd of children those of from two to four years old. These are the most troublesome. The babies can be left securely tied and the elder children can scramble for themselves. Accompanied by her, for the time being, undesirable offspring the mother

"I saw such a chic thing to be worn on a long, thin throat."

(Drawn for the Journal in Paris by Miss C. L. Goodwin.)

sets out for the friendly neighbor's house. At a convenient corner she will lose a two-year-old, and at another corner a three-year-old will just as mysteriously disappear. Possibly a friend of hers, bent on the same errand, will tenderly put down a four-year-old on the same corner. Then the social call is pursued in peace.

The youngsters make frantic efforts to talk, break shop windows or get run over. Day after day the police have twenty or thirty children to look after. They are all found on the streets, and as regularly as clockwork twenty or thirty mothers, mostly Jewish and Russian, come to the station about 7 o'clock in the evening to claim the youngsters, who have been carefully fed and cared for during the day.

Although this system of making Delancey Street Station into a creche is most edifying to the mothers and most conducive to social pleasure, it is rather trying to policemen. A remedy for the evil is wanted, but no one seems able to supply the want.

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## Wives Imported to Order.

If You Want an "Old Country" Lassie They Will Send for Her.

Costs About Fifty Dollars to Pay Her Travelling Expenses and the Agent's Commission.

Most of the Matches Made in This Way Are Said to Result Happily.

WOULD-BE BRIDES SENT BACK HOME.

If They Have No Money Uncle Sam Wont Let Them In—A Law Which Must Be Dodged by These Strange Matrimonial Agents.

There are firms in New York City engaged in the business of importing wives for foreigners who have become permanent residents of the United States. The greatest number of wives are brought over for Germans engaged in the Pennsylvania mines, the mills in Connecticut, and farms in the South and West.

Foreigners, especially German laboring men, very seldom marry United States girls. They prefer a wife from their native land. As a rule, such men drop all of their acquaintances and correspondence when they come to America. After staying here four or five years, if they have accumulated any money, they become weary of single life. They think of the rosy-cheeked lassies of the old country, and the next step is to order one of these buxom women imported.

The plan is simple and interesting. The men who come to America leave their addresses with one of these New York firms as they pass through this city. The firm keeps them well supplied with its advertising matter, and when a man wants a wife he reads the circular, which says: "If you want a wife fresh from the old country, write to —." Then he writes a letter, telling what part of the world he desires a girl from, what age, what color of hair, and gives a general description of the kind of work he wants to do, and with. He generally says he like to live man, and that any woman would get along nicely with him. The New York firm writes to him, telling him that the expenses of bringing over a wife are. He gives a rough estimate. Here is a copy of such an estimate made by a man who imports wives:

Prepaid immigrant ticket.....\$20.00  
Voyage spending money..... 5.00  
Exchange..... 2.00  
Two cablegrams, at \$1.00..... 2.00  
Telegram of arrival..... 3.00  
Two days board in New York..... 4.00  
Ticket to inland point..... 5.00

Total.....\$37.00

If the man lives in Portland, Ore., he must send \$63 for a third-class railroad ticket; if he is in Chicago, \$13, or if he happens to be at a point in the Pennsylvania mining region the fare is about \$7.20.

The man generally replies promptly, sending along about \$50, for there is sometimes a fare to be paid on the other side for the immigrant agent, and he gives the name and address of his intended husband. If she has a little money she is admitted all O. K. to America, and when she arrives the husband is sometimes required to come to New York and marry her before she is allowed to leave the island. In several instances the girls have become frightened at the island and disclosed the fact that they had been imported by an agency to marry men they had never seen. In many cases the man comes to New York to meet the woman he has ordered, and if he is pleased with her they are sent to the land of promise of some one from the New York firm's office and there they are made man and wife. After a day or so spent at a hotel generally conducted by the same parties that brought over the wife, the happy couple go to the cozy little home already fitted up for the groom.

Each wife imported means about \$15 for the firm engaged in the business. On the \$20 steamer ticket there is a commission of \$1.50 and by some lines \$2. The girl seldom if ever receives more than \$1 or \$2 of the \$5 for voyage spending money, then there is the 25 cents exchange on the amount, no cablegrams or telegrams, and very recent cases or where there is some misunderstanding, and if the firm does not control an immigrant hotel there is \$1 commission for the two days' board, and if an inland ticket to Chicago is supplied, there is a commission of \$3, and if to Portland, Ore., a commission of \$4.50 is received from the railroad company.

The wife importers claim that their business is legitimate, that they will not import a girl for a man if they are not convinced that he will marry her, and in cases where it is practical they have the marriage witnessed by representative of their office. They have an act of Congress to steer clear of. It is section 3, of an act supplementary to that passed in 1875, and was passed in volume 18, part 3, of the United States Statutes at Large. It provides:

"That the importation into the United States of women for the purpose of prostitution is hereby prohibited, and all contracts and agreements in relation thereto, made in advance or in pursuance of such illegal importation and whoever shall knowingly and wilfully import, or cause any importation of women into the United States for the purpose of prostitution, or shall knowingly or wilfully hold, or attempt to hold, any women for such purposes, in pursuance of such illegal importation and contract or agreement, shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and, on conviction thereof, shall be imprisoned not exceeding five years and pay a fine not exceeding \$5,000."

The importers have an occasional "miscellaneous" left on their hands. Sometimes, when the man who orders the girl comes to New York and looks at her before she is sent to his home, he is not pleased and refuses to marry her. Then the firm do the best they can for the maiden. They attempt to get her employment, and, if they do not succeed, they keep her on hand until another order comes in from the regions where men are plentiful and women are few.

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